

CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE LITERATURE

An Anthology of Fiction, Film,
and Other Writing Since 1945

ALFRED A. KNOPE NEW YORK 1982

■ OZU YASUJIRO

with Noda Kōgō

The work of Ozu Yasujiro, perhaps Japan's greatest film director, abounds with qualities usually associated with traditional Japanese aesthetics: a pictorial use of asymmetry; emptiness, both spatial and temporal; a restricted view; a fixed subject matter. The seeming sparseness and economy of the Ozu film, its patterned surface and completely visible structure, are reminiscent of classical Japanese architecture and graphic art. Unlike Mizoguchi, however, whose scenes occasionally look like a real *suiboku* ink painting or a real Kōrin screen, Ozu internalizes this influence in his films. The story is often exquisitely and purposefully mundane (and always contemporary) and the characters are presented with a very selective realism. For this reason, his films—particularly *Tokyo Story*, his own favorite among them—seem, with their gentle humor, their extraordinary compassion, distant from the measured world of classical art. Yet traditional principles lie just beneath the surface. In all his major films, Ozu restricted himself to one elegiac theme: the Japanese family in dissolution. This too has led many critics to call him (usually in opposition to Kurosawa) the most “Japanese” of all film artists.

Ozu Yasujiro was born in Tokyo in 1903 and died there in 1963. His formal education ended with middle school, but he was able in 1923 to get a job as assistant cameraman—moving the camera from place to place—at the Tokyo studios of the Shōchiku Company. In a few years he became an assistant director and began writing for films; he made his own first picture from a script by Noda Kōgō, with whom he was to collaborate in writing original screenplays for his memorable postwar films: *Late Spring* (*Banshun*, 1949), *Early Summer* (*Bakushū*, 1951), and *Tokyo Story*, among others. “Mr. Ozu looked happiest when he was engaged in writing a script with Mr. Noda,” one of his leading actors once said in an interview. “By the time he had finished writing it—about four months of work—he had already made up every image in every shot, so that he never changed the script after we went on the set. And the dialogue was so polished that he would not allow even a single mistake.” If not literally true, this statement suggests why Ozu's careful workmanship resulted in such spare, effective dia-

logue. In his book *Ozu*, E. J. Rieu has observed that Ozu's mastery of characterization was predicated upon his mastery of dialogue:

Even in Ozu's silent films the dialogue titles, and there are many of them, must be considered as important as the visuals. It is the dialogue, spoken or printed, that supports and creates the character and differentiates one character from another. Though there are many scenes without dialogue in Ozu's films, these occur only after a character has been established. We know him, initially, through what he says . . . In Japan Ozu's scripts are regarded as literature: the degree of verisimilitude and character delineation achieved is so great, yet the economy so extreme, that the scripts themselves qualify as works of art. Though the many nuances of the dialogue are only appreciable in the film itself, there is even in translation a feeling of rightness to the Ozu dialogue, of inevitability, that is uncommon in any medium and extremely rare in film.

A comparison of the published script of *Tokyo Story* with the film nevertheless reveals a number of slight differences. Scene 157 in the script, for example, does not include the elder sister once again chiding her father's drinking; the location of 166 has in the film been transferred from outside to inside; and the editing of the final sequence of the film is considerably different from the script.

Tokyo Story was a Shochiku Production, released November 3, 1953, with Ryū Chishū, Higashiyama Chieko, Sugimura Haruko, and Hara Setsuko in the cast.

❖ Tokyo Story

(*Tōkyō monogatari*, 1953)

1. *Onomichi, a morning in July. The town stretches from sea to mountains, the main street, the morning market visible.*
2. *The mountainside district. In the main street, at the end of a small alley, children are passing on their way to school.*
3. *The HIRAYAMA house. In the room are SHUKICHI, seventy, and his wife, TOMI, sixty-seven. They are packing for their journey. She is putting things into their bag; he is looking at a railway timetable.*

SHUKICHI: According to this we'll pass through Osaka around six tonight.

TOMI: Keizo should be off work by then.

SHUKICHI: He'll probably be at Osaka Station. I sent him a telegram.

Their youngest child, KYOKO, a primary-school teacher, appears with two lunch boxes.

KYOKO: Here is your lunch. I'm leaving now.

She puts her own lunch box in her bag.

TOMI: If you're busy at school you don't need to come and see us off, you know.

KYOKO: I think I'll have time. It's the physical-education period.

SHUKICHI: We'll see you later at the station then.

KYOKO: I've put the tea in the thermos, Mother.

TOMI: All right.

KYOKO: I'll be going then.

She leaves.

4. *KYOKO in the entryway, leaving the house.*

5. *The lane. KYOKO is walking. Passing schoolchildren bow.*

6. *The HIRAYAMA house.*

TOMI: Do you have the air cushion?

SHUKICHI: Didn't I give it to you?

TOMI: Well, it's not here.

SHUKICHI: I'm certain I gave it to you.

TOMI: Really?

Outside the window appears the housewife from next door. She is about 48.

WOMAN NEXT DOOR: Good morning.

TOMI: Good morning.

WOMAN: So you're leaving today.

TOMI: Yes, on the early-afternoon train.

WOMAN: Really?

TOMI: Yes, we wanted to see our children while we still can.

WOMAN: That's nice. They must be looking forward to your coming to Tokyo.

SHUKICHI: Well, I hope so. Would you keep an eye on the house while we're away?

WOMAN: Of course. Your children have all turned out so well. You're very lucky.

SHUKICHI: I suppose so . . .

WOMAN: And what beautiful weather.



TOMI: Yes, indeed.

WOMAN: So you both have a lovely trip and take care of yourselves.

TOMI: Thank you.

The woman bows, smiles, and leaves.

TOMI: I still can't find it.

SHUKICHI: Oh, but it must be there.

He starts to look for it and then finds it among his own belongings. He holds up the air cushion.

Here it is.

7. Tokyo. The Koto district, a scene with many small factories.

8. An empty lot. In one corner is a signboard reading: "HIRAYAMA CLINIC. INTERNAL MEDICINE AND CHILDREN'S DISEASES."

9. The consulting room of the Clinic. From the looks of it, the Clinic is none too prosperous.

10. The stairway to the second floor.

11. The second floor, a room. A child's desk has been put out on the veranda. FUMIKO, 39, is just wiping it off. Then she goes back downstairs with a bucket.

12. The stairs. FUMIKO comes down them.

13. The kitchen. FUMIKO puts down the bucket, steps into geta, and looks into the door of the heater for the bath. Then she goes up again.

14. A room. When FUMIKO comes in, her second son, ISAMU, 6, is playing by himself.

FUMIKO: Now there is a good little boy.

She takes the washed bandages which have been drying on the sill and leaves.

15. The consulting room. FUMIKO comes in and puts the bandages away. A child's voice saying "I'm back" is heard in the entryway. MINORU, the eldest son, 14, a middle-school student, has returned. He comes in.

FUMIKO: Oh, you're back.

MINORU: I'm back. Have Grandpa and Grandma come yet?

FUMIKO: They'll be here soon.

16. The second-floor room. MINORU comes up and sees that

the room has been changed. He is very surprised.

MINORU: Mama. Mama.

FUMIKO comes up carrying two cushions.

FUMIKO: What do you want?

MINORU: Why did you move my desk?

FUMIKO: To make room for your grandparents.

MINORU: But you didn't have to move my desk.

FUMIKO: It can't be helped. We had to have the space.

MINORU: But I need someplace to study.

FUMIKO (crossly): You study anywhere you like.

She turns and goes downstairs. MINORU follows.

17. The kitchen.

MINORU: All right, then. But where am I going to study?

FUMIKO doesn't answer him.

MINORU: Tell me, Mama. Where?

FUMIKO: Be quiet. You never study anyway!

MINORU: I do, I do.

FUMIKO: Now you say you study.

MINORU: All right, then, so I don't have to study. Right? No more study, right?

FUMIKO: Minoru!

The sound of an automobile horn is heard.

They're here.

She goes to the entryway; MINORU goes to the consulting room.

18. The entryway. FUMIKO opens the door.

19. Outside. KOICHI, 47, the eldest son and FUMIKO's husband, gets out of the taxi. He takes the luggage. The old couple get out, followed by SHIGE, 44, the eldest daughter, KOICHI's younger sister.

FUMIKO (to KOICHI): Oh, you're back.

KOICHI (to his parents): Well, Mother, Father, come on in.

FUMIKO: Please come in.

KOICHI: Yes, please come in.

20. The living room. ISAMU stands watching as his mother hurriedly arranges the cushions. KOICHI comes in first, followed by SHUKICHI, TOMI, and SHIGE.

KOICHI: You must be tired. Did you sleep well on the train?
TOMI: Oh, very well.

She looks at ISAMU and calls him over. He shyly runs away. They all look on smiling. FUMIKO greets the old couple with a formal bow.

FUMIKO: You are most welcome. It is very good to see you again.

SHUKICHI: I just hope we're not inconveniencing you.

FUMIKO: Mother, it has been such a long time.

TOMI: It really has.

FUMIKO: It's wonderful to see you. How is our sister, Kyoko?

TOMI: Oh, just fine, thank you.

FUMIKO: She stayed on alone back there, looking after the house?

TOMI: Yes.

FUMIKO gets up to go make tea. SHIGE, seeing this, follows after her.

21. *The kitchen.*

SHIGE: I've brought a little something, nothing much. Some crackers. Got them in the neighborhood.

FUMIKO: Thank you.

SHIGE: Mama likes them. Have you anything to put them in? A dish.

FUMIKO: Yes.

SHIGE: Or a tray.

FUMIKO selects a dish.

FUMIKO: Here, how is this?

SHIGE: Just fine.

She begins putting the sembei crackers into it. FUMIKO begins to make tea.

FUMIKO: Did Noriko come to the station?

SHIGE: No, she didn't. And I phoned her too.

FUMIKO: I wonder what happened.

SHIGE hands her the filled dish and goes back to the main room.

22. *The corridor. SHIGE passes the consulting room and sees the children sitting there.*

SHIGE: What are you doing? Come on in here.

23. *The living room. KOICHI and his parents are on the veranda looking out over the garden. SHIGE and the children come in.*

SHIGE: These are your grandparents.

KOICHI and his parents turn around.

SHUKICHI: My, aren't they getting big.

He goes back into the room.

KOICHI: Minoru is in middle school now.

SHUKICHI: Really? (*He strokes MINORU's head.*)

TOMI: And how old are you, Isamu?

KOICHI: Tell her how old you are.

SHIGE: How old are you?

ISAMU shyly runs away and the others laugh. FUMIKO brings in the tea and sembei.

FUMIKO (*to KOICHI*): The bath is ready.

KOICHI: How about a bath, Father?

SHUKICHI: Well . . .

SHIGE: Don't you want to change your clothes, Mama?

FUMIKO: Oh, the robes.

TOMI: That's all right. We brought our own.

SHUKICHI: Well, maybe I'll just go ahead.

KOICHI: Please do. I'll bring this.

He picks up his father's yukata robe and they leave. TOMI follows them. SHIGE and FUMIKO go back to the kitchen.

24. *Upstairs. KOICHI with his parents.*

KOICHI: Did Keizo meet you in Osaka?

SHUKICHI: Yes, we'd sent him a telegram and he was right there.

KOICHI (*to TOMI*): Was he all right?

TOMI: He sent you something.

She begins looking into her bag.

KOICHI: Oh, that's all right. Later. You have a towel, Father?

SHUKICHI: Yes.

KOICHI: Well, have a good soak.

He makes a small bow and goes out.

25. *The kitchen. SHIGE is just finishing a sentence when KOICHI passes and stops.*

SHIGE: What shall we feed them? What about some meat?

Sukiyaki maybe.

KOICHI: That sounds good.

FUMIKO: And some sashimi.

KOICHI: We don't need that too, do we? What do you think?

SHIGE: That's enough. We'll just give them meat.

The sound of someone in the entryway and a woman's voice calling, "Excuse me."

SHIGE: That's Noriko.

FUMIKO goes out.

26. *The entryway. NORIKO, 28, widow of the second son, Shoji, dead in the War, is taking off her shoes. FUMIKO comes to welcome her.*

FUMIKO: It's good to see you.

NORIKO: I got to the station too late.

FUMIKO: You went?

NORIKO: Yes, but they'd already gone. So I missed them.

She gives FUMIKO a wrapped package.

NORIKO: Here's a little something.

FUMIKO: Thank you.

SHIGE and KOICHI come to the door.

KOICHI: Nice of you to come.

NORIKO: I'm sorry I'm late.

KOICHI: They're upstairs.

NORIKO: I'll just go up and say hello.

27. *The corridor downstairs. FUMIKO goes to the kitchen. NORIKO goes upstairs.*

28. *Upstairs. The old couple, now in yukata, are unpacking. NORIKO comes in and bows.*

NORIKO: Welcome to Tokyo.

TOMI: Oh, what a long time it's been.

NORIKO: Yes, hasn't it.

SHUKICHI: You must have been very busy today.

NORIKO: Not really. But by the time I'd finished, it was too late.

TOMI: You needn't have come today. We'll be here for some time.

SHUKICHI: Still working for the same company? It must be hard for a person to be all alone.

NORIKO: Oh, no. Not really.

SHIGE is heard telling her father the bath is waiting.

SHUKICHI: I'll just go on ahead, then.

He goes downstairs. NORIKO sees her mother-in-law folding an obi.

NORIKO: Here, let me help you.

TOMI: Oh, no, that's all right . . . You know, it's just like a dream being here in Tokyo. And it didn't seem so far. Yesterday we were in Onomichi and today here we are with you.

NORIKO nods and smiles.

So—one should live long, after all.

NORIKO: You haven't changed at all.

TOMI: Of course we have. We're old folks now.

SHIGE comes in.

SHIGE: What are you two talking about?—Mama, I believe you've gotten bigger.

TOMI: Don't be silly. How could I have grown?

SHIGE: But you have. You've gotten even fatter maybe. (To NORIKO.) When we were children, she was so big I used to be ashamed of her in front of my friends. And then one day during a school festival she broke the chair she was sitting on.

TOMI: Oh, that chair was broken already.

SHIGE: She still thinks that.

TOMI: Well, it was.

SHIGE: Anyway, it doesn't matter.

The three laugh and go downstairs. In the corner sits MINORU's desk.

29. *The consulting room, later, that evening. MINORU is studying.*

30. *The kitchen. NORIKO is helping FUMIKO clean up after the meal. NORIKO has finished a dish.*

NORIKO: Where shall I put this? Here?

FUMIKO: Thanks.

NORIKO: And where shall I put this?

FUMIKO: Oh, just leave it out.

31. *The living room.* SHUKICHI, TOMI, SHIGE, KOICHI are relaxing. ISAMU is asleep; TOMI's lap is his pillow.



SHIGE: Oh, Mother, how is Mrs. Ko?

TOMI: Mrs. Ko? Oh, she has had bad luck again. After her husband died—when was it, spring last year?—she went off to marry some man in Kurashiki. She took her child with her, and now I hear she's not very happy. Poor woman.

SHUKICHI: Really?

KOICHI: Papa, what was the name of that man, the one who worked for the city?

SHUKICHI: Mr. Mihashi? He died. (To TOMI.) Some time ago.

TOMI: Yes, that's true.

SHUKICHI: You remember Mr. Hattori?

KOICHI: Of the Military Affairs Section?

SHIGE: Oh, I remember him.

SHUKICHI: Well, he's living in Tokyo now.

KOICHI: Really?

SHUKICHI: I'm planning to visit him.

KOICHI: Where does he live?

SHUKICHI: Somewhere in the Daito district. Where is that now? His address is in my notebook.

NORIKO comes in.

SHUKICHI: All cleaned up?

NORIKO: Yes.

SHUKICHI: Well, thank you.

TOMI offers some candy.

TOMI: Here, have one. They're from Keizo.

NORIKO: Thank you.

FUMIKO comes in, sees ISAMU, and apologizes for him.

TOMI: Oh, he's sleeping very soundly.

SHIGE (to KOICHI): Going to take them around tomorrow?

KOICHI: Yes, it's Sunday, we'll show them something.

SHIGE: Good. Well, Noriko, shall we go?

NORIKO: I suppose so.

SHUKICHI: It was good of you to have come.
TOMI: And thank you for the very good dinner.

32. *The hallway.* FUMIKO sees off NORIKO and SHIGE.

SHIGE: We've stayed late.

FUMIKO: Not at all.

NORIKO: Thank you for dinner.

FUMIKO: No. Thank you.

33. *The living room.* TOMI moves ISAMU, who is still asleep.

KOICHI: You must be tired, Father. Mama, how about going to bed?

SHUKICHI: Well, shall we go to bed?

TOMI: Yes.

SHUKICHI: Well, good night, then.

As he gets up, FUMIKO comes in.

KOICHI: Good night.

FUMIKO: I'll bring up the water soon.

TOMI: Good night.

They leave the room.

34. *The staircase.* SHUKICHI and TOMI go upstairs.

35. *Upstairs.* The two come in and sit down.

TOMI: Aren't you tired?

SHUKICHI: Not really.

TOMI: Well, I'm glad they are all well.

SHUKICHI: Yes. At last we're here.

TOMI: Yes. What part of Tokyo is this, I wonder?

SHUKICHI: A suburb, I think.

TOMI: It must be. It was a long ride from the station. I somehow thought they'd live in some livelier part of the city.

SHUKICHI: Here? Koichi wanted to move into a livelier place, but I guess it wasn't all that easy.

The two sit, resting, thinking.

36. *Next morning.* One of the outlying suburbs, a bombed-out section just now being built up.

37. A signboard: "URARA BEAUTY PARLOR."

38. *Inside the shop.* KIYO, the assistant, is polishing a mirror.

39. A room at the back. SHIGE is having breakfast with her husband, KOZO, 49.

KOZO: How long will they stay in Tokyo?

SHIGE: A few days more, I suppose. Hand me that, would you?

KOZO hands her the pepper.

KOZO: Shouldn't I go and see them?

SHIGE: Don't bother. They'll come here, anyway.

KOZO: I'll take them to the Kinsha-tei, or something.

SHIGE: You needn't bother.

KOZO: These beans are good. What are they doing today?

SHIGE: Stop eating all the beans up. (*Takes the dish away.*)

Today my brother is taking them somewhere.

KOZO: Really? Then I'm free. It's all right not to go? Kiyochan, want your breakfast?

The voice of KIYO is heard answering.

40. KOICHI's house. *He is changing his clothes and FUMIKO is dressing ISAMU.*

FUMIKO (*to ISAMU*): And behave yourself. Grandpa and Grandma are going to be with us today. Do you understand?

ISAMU: I understand.

MINORU comes in.

MINORU: We're late. Aren't we going yet?

FUMIKO: We'll leave soon.

KOICHI: Go upstairs and see if they're ready. Say we are ready to go.

MINORU: All right. (*He runs off.*)

41. *Upstairs. MINORU comes in. SHUKICHI and TOMI are waiting.*

MINORU: Are you ready?

TOMI: We've kept you waiting.

MINORU: He says we can go now. (*Goes downstairs.*)

42. *Downstairs. MINORU comes in.*

MINORU: They're coming.

FUMIKO smiles. MINORU hums a tune from a Western and goes into the consulting room. ISAMU is finished being dressed. FUMIKO pats him on the back and he runs off to join his brother.

FUMIKO: Where will you eat?

KOICHI: At the department store. The children will like that.

FUMIKO: Good. Isamu likes the children's lunch there.

KOICHI: Really?

The front door is heard opening, followed by a man's voice.

KOICHI answers and goes out.

43. *The hallway. A man is standing there in his shirt sleeves.*

KOICHI joins him.

KOICHI: Well, how is he?

MAN: Well . . .

KOICHI: No appetite yet?

MAN: No. He'll only take a little something cold to drink.

KOICHI: Temperature still hasn't come down?

MAN: It's still around 102 degrees.

KOICHI: Really? Well, I'd better go see him.

MAN: Thank you. I'm very sorry to spoil your Sunday. (*He goes out.*)

44. *The living room. KOICHI comes back in.*

FUMIKO: Who was it?

KOICHI: Mr. Nakajima. The hypodermics are disinfected, aren't they?

She nods. SHUKICHI and TOMI come in.

KOICHI: Papa, I've got to go see a sick child. He's not doing at all well.

SHUKICHI: Is that so?

KOICHI: I'm sorry.

SHUKICHI: That's all right.

KOICHI: But it may take quite a while.

SHUKICHI: It doesn't matter.

KOICHI: I'll be going, then. I'm sorry, Mother.

He goes out, FUMIKO seeing him to the door.

45. *The consulting room. The children are there. FUMIKO comes in to get her husband's bag.*

MINORU: Aren't we going yet?

FUMIKO gives no clear reply, goes out.

46. *The entryway. KOICHI is putting on his shoes when FUMIKO appears.*

KOICHI: I may be late.

FUMIKO: But what will we do about them?
 KOICHI: Well, we'll just have to go next Sunday.

He leaves. The children come out.

MINORU: Where's he going?
 FUMIKO (*lightly*): To a patient's.

She leaves. MINORU begins to pout.

47. *The living room. FUMIKO comes back in.*

FUMIKO: I'm awfully sorry.

SHUKICHI: Not at all. A good doctor is a busy doctor.

TOMI: Yes, indeed.

MINORU comes in; ISAMU follows him.

MINORU (*pouting*): Mama, aren't we going? (FUMIKO does not answer clearly.) That's not fair.

FUMIKO: It can't be helped, can it? A patient needs him.

MINORU: It's not fair.

TOMI (*laughing*): There'll be another time.

MINORU: No!

FUMIKO: Minoru! You behave yourself. Just leave the room.

MINORU: You lied.

FUMIKO: You heard me.

MINORU goes, stamping all the way. TOMI draws ISAMU to her.

TOMI: Come here.

ISAMU: Don't want to. (*Runs away. Both SHUKICHI and TOMI laugh.*)

FUMIKO: What bad boys.

SHUKICHI: Well, boys should be lively.

At that moment there is a loud noise. MINORU has thrown the heavy cushion of the consulting-room couch onto the floor. FUMIKO gets up and leaves at once.

48. *The consulting room. MINORU and ISAMU are sitting on the couch, MINORU bouncing heavily. FUMIKO comes in.*

FUMIKO: You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. And you're supposed to be big boys.

MINORU: It's not fair.

FUMIKO: But we'll go next time.

MINORU: Always next time. We never go.



FUMIKO: But that man came suddenly, didn't he? It can't be helped, can it?

MINORU: You always say that.

She glares at him and goes back to the living room. MINORU starts to shout; ISAMU imitates him. FUMIKO stops and turns back sharply. MINORU shouts.

FUMIKO: This is too much. I'll tell your father.

MINORU: Go ahead.

FUMIKO: Very well. Just remember those words.

MINORU: I'm not afraid.

TOMI looks in.

TOMI (*mildly*): What's the matter?

FUMIKO (*smiling*): I wonder.

TOMI: Come on, Isamu. Let's take a walk. Why don't you come too, Minoru?

FUMIKO: Minoru.

TOMI: Come on, Isamu.

FUMIKO: Isn't that nice?—to go out with Grandma.

TOMI: Let's go, then. Come along, Minoru. Won't you come along?

FUMIKO: I'm sorry. (*TOMI goes out with ISAMU.*) You go too.

Aren't you going?

MINORU: Don't want to.

FUMIKO: Very well, then. Do as you like.

She leaves angrily. MINORU, alone, bounces some more, then gets up, sits in the revolving chair, and turns around and around unhappily.

49. *Upstairs. SHUKICHI has taken off his suit and changed back into his yukata. FUMIKO brings in tea.*

FUMIKO: I'm very sorry.

SHUKICHI: Oh, that's all right. What's the matter with Minoru?

FUMIKO: I can't do anything with him.

SHUKICHI: Koichi was just like that too. Always had to have his own way. Never would listen to anyone.

FUMIKO: You must be disappointed, Father, not to be going.

SHUKICHI: No, not at all.

FUMIKO: Well, we'll go next Sunday.

SHUKICHI: That would be fine, thank you . . . After a few days here I think we'll probably go over to Shige's. (*Looks idly out of the window.*) Oh, look, there they are.

50. *An empty plot, as seen by SHUKICHI. ISAMU is playing and TOMI is kneeling beside him.*

51. *The empty plot. TOMI and ISAMU.*

TOMI: And what are you going to be when you grow up?
(ISAMU doesn't answer.) A doctor like your father? (ISAMU still doesn't answer.) I wonder if I'll still be here.

52. *Upstairs. SHUKICHI is by himself looking vacantly out.*

53. *Urata Beauty Parlor. There is only one customer, a woman, under a dryer. SHIGE and KIYO are working. KOZO comes in.*

KIYO: Welcome back.

KOZO greets the customer and goes to the back of the shop.

54. *The room at the back. The voice of SHIGE is heard.*

SHIGE: There was a phone call.

KOZO: Who from?

SHIGE: Mr. Enomoto from Sugamo. How did the talks go?

KOZO: They're all done. Where are they?

SHIGE: Upstairs.

KOZO: I went to Asakusa and got some cakes for them.

He produces the bag. SHIGE comes in.

KOZO: Have one. They're good.

He begins to eat one.

SHIGE: They don't need such expensive cakes.

She takes and eats one.

KOZO: They're good, aren't they?

SHIGE: They're good, but they're too expensive. Sembei would have been good enough.

KOZO: But they had that yesterday.

SHIGE: They like sembei. Will you take them out someplace tomorrow?

KOZO: Tomorrow? I'm afraid I have to collect some bills.

SHIGE: Really? Koichi should do something then.

KOZO: I could take them to the Kinsha-tei, tonight.

SHIGE: What's on?

KOZO: Since last night—some *naniwabushi* reciting.

SHIGE: That's good. Take them, then. They haven't gone anyplace since they came to Tokyo.

KOZO: Yes, it's bad for them to stay in all the time.
SHIGE: Can't be helped though. There's no one to take them out.

KOZO takes a memo book from his pocket, gets his soap and towel, and goes upstairs.

55. *TOMI is alone upstairs. She is taking apart a kimono. KOZO comes in.*

KOZO: Well, she's got you working.

TOMI: Oh, hello.

KOZO: What a job we've put you to.

TOMI: No, not at all.

KOZO: Where is Father?

TOMI: He's out on the laundry platform.

KOZO: Don't you want to go to the bath? Father, Father.

56. *The laundry platform. SHUKICHI is sitting there staring vacantly. He turns upon hearing KOZO's voice.*

KOZO (voice): Let's go out to the public bath.

SHUKICHI gets up and leaves.

57. *Upstairs. TOMI puts the kimono away. SHUKICHI comes in and greets KOZO.*

KOZO: Let's go, and on the way back we can stop and get some ice cream.

TOMI: That would be nice.

KOZO: Let's go.

58. *Downstairs. SHIGE stands watching as KIYO clips the hair of a customer. The three come in.*

KOZO: We're just going off to the bath.

SHIGE: Those old wooden sandals of mine, Mama, you can use them.

TOMI: Really?

The three go out. SHIGE, as though suddenly remembering something, picks up the telephone.

SHIGE: Hello, is this the Yoneyama Company? May I speak to Mrs. Hirayama? Thank you . . . Noriko? It's me. Would you do something for me? Do you have any time tomorrow? You see, Mother and Father haven't been anywhere yet, and I wonder if you could take them out someplace

tomorrow. I really ought to, but I'm just too busy here at the shop.

59. *The Yoneyama Company. A small, crowded, untidy office; six or seven employees. NORIKO is on the telephone.*

NORIKO: Will you wait just a moment?

She puts down the receiver and goes to her superior's desk.

Excuse me.

The man continues with his work.

MAN: What is it?

NORIKO: I know it's short notice, but could I have the day off tomorrow?

MAN: That would be all right.

NORIKO: Thank you.

MAN: How about the Asahi Aluminum?

NORIKO: I'll finish it today.

She bows and returns to the telephone.

I'll be at your place at nine tomorrow.

60. *A sightseeing bus. SHUKICHI, TOMI, and NORIKO are riding in it. The explanation of the girl BUS GUIDE is heard.*

GUIDE: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Tokyo. Let us trace the history of this great city of Tokyo.

61. *Scenes of the Marunouchi district.*

62. *The palace seen from the bus window.*

GUIDE: The Imperial Palace, formerly called Chiyoda Castle, was built originally by Lord Ota Dokan, some five hundred years ago. In its quiet setting with green pine trees and the moat—what a contrast to the bustle of Tokyo today.

63. *The sightseeing bus going by. The Ginza.*

64. *A side street by a department store. The bus is stopped there.*

65. *The roof of the department store. The three look out over the city.*

NORIKO: Koichi's house is . . . is this way.

SHUKICHI: Really?

TOMI: And Shige's?

NORIKO: Probably over there.

TOMI: And where is your house?

NORIKO: My place is *(looking in the opposite direction)* someplace over there, I think.

TOMI: I see.

NORIKO: It isn't very nice but I hope you'll drop in later. GUIDE *(voice)*: We'll all be leaving now.

66. *The city seen from the roof of the department store.*

67. *Same day. View of NORIKO's apartment house. It is an old house, now lit by the evening sun.*

68. *A room on the second floor. A baby is sleeping under a mosquito net. Next to it a young wife is folding up the washing. The sound of knocking.*

WIFE: Who is it?

The door opens and NORIKO comes in.

WIFE: Oh, you're back early.

NORIKO: Is Miko-chan asleep?

WIFE: Finally. She just fell asleep.

NORIKO: Do you have any sake?

WIFE: Sake?

NORIKO nods.

NORIKO: My parents-in-law are visiting.

WIFE: I have a little.

She gets up and brings a large sake bottle with some left in it.

WIFE: Will this be enough?

NORIKO: Yes. I'm sorry to have to ask you for the last of it.

69. *Corridor. NORIKO enters the room next door.*

70. *NORIKO's room. SHUKICHI and TOMI are looking at a framed photograph of their second son, Shoji, NORIKO's dead husband, who died in the war. NORIKO comes in.*

SHUKICHI: Where did he have this photo taken?

NORIKO: In Kamakura. A friend of his took it.

TOMI: When was it?

NORIKO: A year before he was drafted.

TOMI *(to SHUKICHI)*: It is so like him.

SHUKICHI: With his head on one side like that.

TOMI: He always stood like that.

71. *The hallway. NORIKO comes out and again goes to the neighbor's room, knocks, and enters.*

72. *Neighbor's room. The wife turns to her.*

WIFE: What?

NORIKO (smiles): Do you have a serving bottle and a cup?

WIFE: Yes.

She goes to a shelf and brings back the cup and bottle and a small bowl.

Take these too. They're stewed green peppers. They're very good.

NORIKO (receiving the cup, bottle, bowl): Thank you very much.

WIFE: The sake things are clean.

NORIKO: I'm so sorry to keep bothering you.

73. *NORIKO's room. SHUKICHI and TOMI. NORIKO comes back in.*

TOMI: Now don't go to all this trouble.

NORIKO: It's no trouble at all. (She begins preparing the sake.)

TOMI: Thank you so much for today.

NORIKO: You're very welcome. But I'm afraid you're tired.

SHUKICHI: Not at all. We saw so many places thanks to you.

NORIKO brings a towel and wipes the table, then puts dishes and chopsticks into place.

TOMI: I'm sorry you have to spend the whole day with us.

NORIKO: Not at all.

SHUKICHI: Was it really all right?

NORIKO: Certainly, Father. Please don't worry. When we are busy I even work on Sundays but it's quieter now, so I can take a day off.

SHUKICHI: Really? Well, then, it's all right.

NORIKO gets up and brings the sake bottle. She gives the cup to SHUKICHI, fills it. He drains his cup and gives it to TOMI.

NORIKO: I'm sorry I don't have anything much to give you.

SHUKICHI: It's very good.

NORIKO: Do you like to drink, Father?

TOMI: Indeed he does. In the old days he used to get very angry when we didn't have any sake in the house. Even when it was late he'd go out for it. (SHUKICHI smiles

reuefully.) Every time a boy was born I'd just pray he wouldn't become a drinker.

SHUKICHI: Did Shoji like to drink?

NORIKO: Yes, he did.

TOMI (looking surprised): Really?

NORIKO: He often brought his friends home here late, after the trains had stopped. After they'd been out drinking.

SHUKICHI: Really?

TOMI: Then you had as much trouble as I did.

NORIKO (smiles): Yes, but now I miss it.

TOMI: Poor Shoji. He lived so far from us. Maybe that's why I feel as if he's still alive somewhere. Father here often scolds me for my foolishness.

SHUKICHI: He died long ago. It's been eight years since . . .

NORIKO (Nothing.)

TOMI: I know, but . . .

SHUKICHI: He was such a stubborn boy. I'm afraid he gave you trouble.

NORIKO: Oh, no.

TOMI: Well, you've had your troubles too.

NORIKO (Nothing.)

The sound of knocking. NORIKO opens the door. The delivery man stands there with bowls of food. She takes it and thanks him, then brings the food to the table. TOMI seats herself correctly in front of the table and takes the lid off her bowl. NORIKO puts a bowl in front of SHUKICHI.

NORIKO: It's probably not very good, but please help yourself.

TOMI: Well, I'll just help myself then.

74. *Same evening. The Urara Beauty Parlor. On a bench in the corner of the empty shop, KOICHI and SHIGE are sitting. She is fanning herself.*

KOICHI: They're late.

SHIGE: They'll be back soon. How long do you think they'll stay in Tokyo?

KOICHI: Didn't they say anything?

SHIGE: Listen. Would you put up some money?

KOICHI: What for?

SHIGE: I'll put in some too. It'll take two thousand yen, maybe; no, three would be better.

KOICHI: What's all this about?



SHIGE: What do you think of sending them to the hot springs at Atami for a few days? You're busy, and I can't change my work schedule either. And we can't always ask Noriko. What do you think?

KOICHI: It might not be a bad idea.

SHIGE: I know a nice hotel—it has a good view and isn't expensive.

KOICHI: Sounds very good. Let's go ahead and do it.

SHIGE: I'm sure they'll like it.

KOICHI: Frankly I was worried. It costs money wherever you take them.

SHIGE: This is much less expensive. And there is the hot springs too.

She hears someone, calls out. KOZO appears.

KOZO: What are you talking about?

SHIGE: Koichi and I were just planning to send Mother and Father to Atami.

KOZO: Really?

KOICHI: It's a good idea.

KOZO: I've been worried about them myself, but too busy to do anything much about it.

SHIGE: Well, shall we?

KOZO: Let's. It's better that way.

KOICHI (*nodding*): Let's do it.

SHIGE (*nodding*): Even if they stay with us we just can't do anything for them.

KOZO: That's right. Atami's the place. (*Sits down. To KOICHI.*) They can enjoy the hot baths and they can rest.

That's much better for an old couple than walking around Tokyo. Isn't that so? (*Looks at SHIGE.*)

SHIGE: Yes, that's right. (*Then, lowering her voice, as though whispering.*) My, but they're late, though.

KOICHI: Maybe they're still at Noriko's.

SHIGE: Probably.

She fans the mosquitoes away from her feet with her fan.

75. Atami. The mountains surrounding the city, the water front wall.

76. An upstairs room in an inn near the sea. SHUKICHI and TOMI, who have changed into hotel yukata, are drinking tea.

TOMI: I didn't expect to be able to come to a hot springs.

SHUKICHI: We've cost them more money.



TOMI: Doesn't it feel nice here?

SHUKICHI: Let's get up early and go for a walk along the beach tomorrow.

TOMI: There must be many fine views. The maid here told me there were.

SHUKICHI: Really? (*He looks out of the window.*) The sea is so quiet.

77. The quiet sea.

78. The same night. In the hall of the inn at the foot of the staircase. A large wall clock shows that it is 11:30. A maid comes in carrying a large plate of sushi. She goes upstairs.

79. The hallway upstairs. The maid takes the sushi into a room.

80. The room. Two rooms have been opened to make one. Two groups of guests have rolled back their bedding and are sitting playing mahjong. Including the women there are eleven or twelve people. It looks like a company outing. From the distance can be heard the song of a group of strolling singers, a Japanese pop love song.

MAID: I've kept you waiting. (*She puts down the plate and goes out.*)

MAN A: Hey, here's the sushi—I'll take that tile!

MAN B: So you had them.

MAN C: Ouchi! That hurts.

MAN D: No, no, it's good. (*Picks up a tile and throws it down.*) Damn it.

MAN C: Well, how's this one? (*Discards.*)

MAN B: (*Picks up one tile and discards another.*) Reach.

MAN A: Reach? You threw that away?

MAN B: I sure did.

MAN D: (*Discards.*) Goddamn it.

81. Hallway. Sound of mahjong. The singers are getting closer. Two men who look as though they've been to a brothel go back into the room.

82. The room of the old couple. SHUKICHI and TOMI are lying on their pallets. The mahjong and the singing are loud. It appears they cannot sleep.

TOMI: It's awfully lively.

SHUKICHI: Um . . .

TOMI: I wonder what time it is.

SHUKICHI: Um . . .

83. *In the hallway. The noise is even louder.*
 84. *In front of the inn. The singers are bawling out their song.*
 85. *The room. SHUKICHI has been patient, but now with an exclamation he sits up. TOMI also sits up and sighs as though disappointed. The singing is getting louder and louder.*
 86. *Atami. Morning. The mountains are very clear.*
 87. *Upstairs hall. In a corner of the passage are last night's empty dishes and beer bottles. A servant humming a pop song sweeps the rooms.*
 88. *On the breakwater. SHUKICHI and TOMI, wearing yukata from the inn, are resting in the morning breeze. TOMI notices that SHUKICHI is pounding his neck with his fist.*

TOMI: What's the matter?

SHUKICHI: Um . . .

TOMI: It's because you didn't sleep last night.

SHUKICHI: No, but you did.

TOMI: I didn't sleep a wink.

SHUKICHI: You did. You snored.

TOMI: Really?

SHUKICHI: Anyway, this place seems to be meant for young people.

TOMI: That's true.

89. *Upstairs, the inn. Two maids are sweeping out the room.*

MAID A: Those newlweds last night . . .

MAID B: You didn't think they were newlweds, did you?

MAID A: She was smoking in bed this morning after he got up.

MAID B: He was sweet on her, though. He said: You belong to me—your eyes, ears, mouth, all of you is mine. He said that.

MAID A: Hmpf. Who's to know who belongs to who?

90. *The sea wall.*

TOMI: I wonder what Kyoko is doing at home now.

SHUKICHI: How about going on back home?

TOMI: You must be wanting to get back. *(Smiling.)*

SHUKICHI: No. You're the one who's homesick. *(Laughs.)* We've seen Tokyo. We've seen Atami. Let's go home.

TOMI: Yes. Shall we?

SHUKICHI: Umm.



They both get up, but she seems suddenly giddy and stumbles.

SHUKICHI: What's the matter?

TOMI: I felt a bit dizzy. I'm all right now, though.

SHUKICHI: It's because you didn't sleep well. That's why.

The two go in the direction of the inn.

91. *Upstairs in the room. It has been cleaned, and tea and pickled plums are on the table.*

92. *The Urara Beauty Parlor. Same day, late afternoon. KIYO is cleaning the machines. SHIGE is setting the hair of a woman who looks like a housewife. Another woman is under a dryer reading a magazine.*

SHIGE: Should we try the upsweep? I just know it would become you.

WOMAN: I wonder.

SHIGE: You have such a good neckline here at the back. We'd hold the hair down on the right and then accent the left with a wave.

WOMAN: Maybe next time.

OTHER WOMAN: Would you hand me another magazine?—and some matches too.

KIYO: Yes. *(Does so.)*

SHIGE: Going to work early today?

WOMAN: No, I'll go later.

The old couple appear.

KIYO: Welcome back.

SHUKICHI: Well, we're back.

SHIGE: Why have you come back so soon?

TOMI: We just got here.

SHIGE: You should have taken more time. What happened?

They go into the back room.

WOMAN: Who are they?

SHIGE: Oh, just someone we know. Friends from the country.

WOMAN: Oh.

SHIGE: Kiyo-chan. Here, you do the pin curls.

93. *Upstairs. SHUKICHI and TOMI are sitting. SHIGE comes up.*



SHIGE: Well, what happened? Why didn't you stay longer? How was Atami?

SHUKICHI: Very nice. We liked the baths.

TOMI: And we had a very nice view from the hotel window.

SHIGE: Of course. It's a really good modern hotel. Was it crowded?

SHUKICHI: A little bit crowded, I'd say.

SHIGE: How was the food?

TOMI: Very good. Sashimi and fish custard . . .

SHIGE: Of course. It's right on the sea.

TOMI: And they served big omelettes too.

SHIGE: Then why didn't you stay for a while longer? We wanted you to relax.

SHUKICHI: Well, we thought it was about time we went on home.

SHIGE: But it's too soon. You don't come up to Tokyo very often.

SHUKICHI: Still, we thought we'd better be going.

TOMI: Kyoto must be lonesome back home.

SHIGE: Mother. She isn't a baby anymore. And here I was planning to take you to the Kabuki.

SHUKICHI: We don't want to put you to any extra expense.

SHIGE: Never mind that—just take your time. However, tonight I do have this meeting here with the other beauticians.

TOMI: Are many coming?

SHIGE: Well, it's my turn to provide the place.

SHUKICHI: We came back at the wrong time.

SHIGE: That's why I wanted you to stay at Atami. I should have told you so.

KIYO (*looking in*): We've done the pin curls.

SHIGE: Oh? (*To her parents.*) Just a minute. (*Goes out.*)

SHUKICHI: What shall we do? (*As though downcast.*)

TOMI: I don't know.

SHUKICHI: We can't go back to Koichi's and trouble them any more.

TOMI: That's right. Shall we ask Noriko to put us up?

SHUKICHI: She can't have both of us. You go there alone.

TOMI: And what about you?

SHUKICHI: I'll go see the Hattoris. And I'll stay there if I can. Let's go out, anyway. We're really homeless now. (*Smiles.*)

TOMI laughs, and they begin to take their towels from their luggage.

94. A corner of Ueno Park. SHUKICHI and TOMI are on a bench eating a bag of roasted beans. SHUKICHI looks at his watch.

SHUKICHI: Noriko may be home by now.

TOMI: Really? It's still a bit early.

SHUKICHI: Umm.

TOMI: But if you want to visit the Hattoris, you'd better go now.

SHUKICHI: Yes, we'd better go now.

They stand up slowly and start walking, looking over the city from the bluff.

SHUKICHI: Look at how big Tokyo is.

TOMI: Yes, isn't it. If we got lost, we might never find each other again.

TOMI suddenly remembers that she left her handbag behind; she returns quickly and gets it.

SHUKICHI: Just look at you.

Again they walk side by side.

95. Evening. Outside the house of a professional scribe. The door is shut and the curtain is drawn.

96. Inside, room at the back. SHUKICHI is talking fondly of old times with his old friend HATTORI OSAMU, 68, and his wife, YONE, 60.

SHUKICHI: It's already been seventeen or eighteen years.

HATTORI: Really? And here you've been sending me a New Year's greeting card every year.

SHUKICHI: And so have you.

YONE: I suppose that Onomichi has changed a great deal.

SHUKICHI: Well, fortunately the city wasn't bombed during the war. Nishigoshō, where you lived, is still just like it used to be.

YONE: Is that so? Well, it was a nice place. We used to like the view from the temple so much.

HATTORI: And after the cherry-blossom season the price of sea bream would always drop. All these years we've missed the taste of those delicious fish.



YONE: Yes. (*She suddenly seems to remember something, whispers to her husband; a single word of his reply, "later," is understood.*)

From upstairs a young man in a suit comes down, the lodger.

MAN: Tell my friends I'll be over there playing pinball, will you?

YONE *nods and goes into the kitchen.*

HATTORI: We rent the upstairs room to that man. He's really a playboy. Says he's a law student, but doesn't seem to know anything about it. Spends all his time at pinball or mahjong. I just feel sorry for his father back home.

YONE *calls something from the kitchen.*

HATTORI: Let's go out for a drink somewhere.

YONE (*coming in*): I just don't seem to have anything in the house.

SHUKICHI: Never mind. I came completely unexpected.

HATTORI: You remember our old police chief?

SHUKICHI: Numata?

HATTORI: Well, he lives nearby.

SHUKICHI: Is that so? What's he doing now?

HATTORI: He's retired and happy. His son is a big man at some printing plant.

SHUKICHI: Well, I'm glad to hear that.

HATTORI: Let's go see him.

SHUKICHI: By all means. That would be just fine.

97. A column of neon signs somewhere around Ueno-Hirokoji.

98. Upstairs, a small restaurant, from where the neon signs can be seen. SHUKICHI and HATTORI and NUMATA SAMPEI, 71, are sitting around a table, having a pleasant talk.

NUMATA: Well, drink up.

SHUKICHI: No, I've had enough.

HATTORI: No. It's still early, and we don't get together like this every day.

SHUKICHI: I haven't drunk for a long time.

NUMATA: And you used to be such a drinker.

HATTORI: You remember when the Governor visited Onomichi?

NUMATA: You got drunk at the Takemuraya.

HATTORI: You too. And that young geisha who served . . .



NUMATA: Umeko?

HATTORI: You liked her, didn't you?

NUMATA: And the Governor happened to like her too. Remember?

HATTORI (*to SHUKICHI*): And you liked her, too, didn't you? SHUKICHI (*laughs ruefully*): Oh, the fool I've made of myself by drinking.

NUMATA: Not at all. Wine is good for the health. Come on now.

SHUKICHI *drinks.*

HATTORI: Well, you're lucky. Your children all settled.

SHUKICHI: I don't know about that.

HATTORI: I often wish at least one of my sons was alive. I often talk about it with my wife.

NUMATA: Both killed. That's hard. Both in the war. That's bad. And didn't you lose one?

SHUKICHI: Yes, my second son.

HATTORI: Well, I've had enough of war.

NUMATA: Losing your children is hard, but living with them isn't that easy either. It's a real dilemma. (*Drinks, offers the bottle to HATTORI.*)

HATTORI: Well, let's change the subject.

They all three sit for a moment in thought.

HATTORI: If I had an extra bedroom for you, we could drink till morning.

He gets up, goes into the corridor, claps his hands, calls for sake; he calls again and then goes downstairs.

NUMATA: I'm very glad you came.

SHUKICHI: I never dreamed I would see you here in Tokyo.

99. The blinking neon night sights.

100. The same night. A street on the outskirts of the district. It is late.

101. A late-night drinking place named the Okayo. NUMATA, HATTORI, and SHUKICHI are all sitting at a bar, drunk, bottles and glasses around them. The proprietress, OKAYO, is middle-aged but still attractive.

OKAYO: Here's a warm one. (*Puts a sake bottle in front of NUMATA.*)

NUMATA: Pour it for me, won't you?

OKAYO: You're so drunk today.



NUMATA: Just look, Hirayama. Doesn't she resemble someone you know?

OKAYO: Oh, you've started that again.

NUMATA: Who?

HATTORI: Yes she does. (*Holding his head, sleepily.*)

NUMATA: Who?

HATTORI: Why, that young geisha.

NUMATA: No, no. She was fatter. This one resembles my wife.

SHUKICHI: Yes, you're absolutely right.

NUMATA: See—especially right here—

OKAYO: Why don't you go home? You've gotten drunk again.

NUMATA: And both of them are bad-tempered too.

OKAYO: It's always this way. You're such a nuisance.

NUMATA: That's just what my wife says. Here, come pour me a drink.

OKAYO doesn't. SHUKICHI takes the bottle and tries to pour for HATTORI, who has sunk down in his chair.

HATTORI: No. I just can't.

NUMATA: Well, I think you are the luckiest of us all.

SHUKICHI: Why?

NUMATA: You've got sons and daughters to be proud of.

SHUKICHI: But you can be proud of yours too.

NUMATA: Not me. My son's no good. All he ever does is try to please that wife of his. Never pays any attention to me.

SHUKICHI: But being a department head is a good position.

NUMATA: Department head, nothing. He's just an assistant section chief. But I get to feeling so down that I lie about it to people.

SHUKICHI: I'm sure it's not that bad.

NUMATA: No, he's a failure, a failure. My only son. And I wasn't strong enough. I spoiled him. Now you. You brought up your son proper. He has a degree.

SHUKICHI: Nowadays all doctors have to have degrees.

NUMATA: Maybe we expect too much of our children. But they lack ambition, they lack real spirit. That is just what I told my son. And then he said to me that there are too many people in Tokyo and so it's hard to get ahead. What do you think of that? Young people today just have no backbone. Where is their spirit? (*SHUKICHI tries to protest.*) Well, I'm a disappointed man. But you—you

couldn't feel that way. You must be very satisfied.

SHUKICHI: Of course, I'm not, but—

NUMATA: You see? It's gotten so bad that even you can't be satisfied. Oh, I feel so sad. (*Rubs his eyes.*)

HATTORI: Oh, I just can't drink any more. (*Sinks back and closes his eyes again.*)

SHUKICHI: Well, when I came up to Tokyo, I was under the impression that my son was doing better than he is. Then I found he's only this little neighborhood doctor . . . so, I know how you feel. I'm just as dissatisfied as you are. But we can't expect too much from our children. Times have changed and we have to face it. That's what I think.

NUMATA: You do?

SHUKICHI: Yes.

NUMATA: There, you see? You too.

SHUKICHI: My son has really changed. But I can't help it. There really are too many people in Tokyo.

NUMATA: I wonder.

SHUKICHI: Well, maybe it's a good thing.

NUMATA: I suppose I should be happy. Nowadays some young men would kill their parents without a thought.

Mine at least wouldn't do that. (*Laughs.*)

OKAYO: Look—it's twelve o'clock.

NUMATA: So what?

OKAYO: It's closing time.

NUMATA: You just get more and more like my wife. I like you a lot.

OKAYO turns away, then sees HATTORI, sound asleep.

OKAYO: And what are you going to do about him?

NUMATA: You leave it to me. Come on. Let's drink some more.

SHUKICHI: Wonderful, wonderful!

102. The same night. The hallway in NORIKO's apartment. A clock can be heard striking twelve.

103. NORIKO's room. The bedding is spread out. TOMI is sitting up and NORIKO is massaging her shoulders.

TOMI: There, thank you. That's quite enough.

NORIKO: Oh, not yet.

TOMI: Well, it's been a long day today. Back from Atami, then to Shige's house, then to Ueno Park . . .

NORIKO: You must be tired.



started up, all over again. You, too. (*She shakes NUMATA, then sits down, dejected.*)

KOZO: What happened? Where did he drink so much?

SHIGE: How should I know? (*Then, in a loud whisper.*) He used to drink something awful. Used to come home dead drunk, upsetting Mama terribly. We all just hated it. But after Kyoko was born he stopped drinking. And now he's started all over again.

NUMATA mumbles.

KOZO: Well, what should we do? (*Wrinkles his brow.*)

SHIGE: I never dreamed he'd come back here tonight. (*Disgustedly.*) Even if he'd been alone.

She goes off into the other room.

107. *The room at the back. SHIGE comes in and sits down heavily on the bedding. KOZO comes in.*

KOZO: We can't leave them there all night.

SHIGE: It can't be helped, can it?

KOZO: Let's have Kiyo come downstairs and we'll put them up there.

SHIGE: You don't think they can make it, do you?

KOZO: Well, what will we do then?

SHIGE: Oh, what a mess. (*She gets up and gives him her blanket.*) You sleep upstairs. I'll put them in here.

KOZO agrees, takes the blanket, folds it. KOZO goes. SHIGE continues folding up cushions to make pillows, pulling the sheets smooth. Dissatisfied, she talks to herself.

SHIGE: Really, why didn't he tell me? It's so late and he's so drunk. I just hate drunkards. And dragging this stranger home.

108. *In the shop. SHUKICHI and NUMATA loll in the chairs, sound asleep, snoring loudly.*

109. *Morning. NORIKO's apartment house.*

110. *The corridor outside NORIKO's room. She returns with the washed breakfast dishes.*

111. *In the room. TOMI is preparing to go, putting on her tabi. NORIKO comes in.*

TOMI: Thank you so much. I had a good sleep.

NORIKO: That's good.

TOMI: But won't you be late for the office?

NORIKO: No, I have quite enough time.

She goes over to a shelf and brings something back.

NORIKO: I want you to take this. It isn't much.

TOMI: What is it?

NORIKO: It's nothing, just a little something for you to spend.

TOMI: Oh, no—

NORIKO: Please, Mother, do take it.

TOMI: But, you can't do this. No. It is I who should be giving you something.

NORIKO: Now, please, Mother. Just take it. (*She forces it into her hands.*)

TOMI (*protesting*): No, no.

NORIKO: Please.

TOMI: Must I? . . . Well, then. Thank you very, very much.

NORIKO: It is nothing. (*Laughs.*)

TOMI: You must need money yourself, and yet you do something like this. I just don't know what to say, but (*takes her hand*), I do thank you, very much.

NORIKO (*lightly*): Well, we should be going.

TOMI (*wiping her eyes*): Yes.

NORIKO: And be sure to come here again, the next time you're in Tokyo.

TOMI: Thank you, but I'm afraid I won't be coming back.

And you. I know you are busy, but do try to come to Onomichi.

NORIKO: I really want to. If only it were a bit nearer.

TOMI: You're right. It is far away.

She gets up to close the window. TOMI also gets up, then stops in front of Shoji's photo and looks closely at it. NORIKO notices that TOMI has forgotten her toothbrush and toothpaste.

NORIKO: Mother, are these yours?

TOMI: Oh, thank you. Really, I've gotten so forgetful.

She laughs and begins putting them into her bag.

112. *Night. Tokyo Station. The waiting room on the No. 10 platform. The passengers are lined up waiting. Among them are SHUKICHI and TOMI. KOICHI, SHIGE, and NORIKO have come to see them off.*

KOICHI: The train should be in Nagoya or Gifu early in the morning.

SHIGE: What time does it get to Onomichi?

KOICHI: One thirty-five in the afternoon tomorrow.

TOMI: Did you wire Kyoto?

KOICHI: Yes, I did. And Keizo will meet you in Osaka too.

NORIKO: I do hope that Mother will get some sleep on the train.

SHUKICHI: She always sleeps well anywhere.

TOMI: And even if I don't, I'll be home tomorrow afternoon.

SHIGE: Don't drink too much now, Father.

SHUKICHI: Last night was an exception. It was a reunion.

SHIGE: Is your headache all gone?

SHUKICHI: It's all right.

KOICHI: Yes, a person really shouldn't drink too much.

SHUKICHI: Well, you've been very good to us—all of you. We have really enjoyed our trip.

TOMI: And you were so nice to us, children. So, now that we have seen you, you needn't come down, you know, even if something should happen to either of us.

SHIGE: Don't talk like that. (*Laughing.*) This isn't a farewell.

TOMI: No, I mean it. We live too far away.

The voice of the loudspeaker is heard announcing the opening of the ticket gates. The passengers get up.

TOMI: It looks crowded.

KOICHI: Oh, you'll get seats all right.

The lines of passengers move forward. Clock above the gates.

The voice of the announcer continues.

113. *Osaka, cityscape, morning. Osaka Castle, the chimneys of the factory district.*

114. *Within the station precincts, from which the castle can be seen. KEIZO, 27, SHUKICHI's third son, hurries across the tracks.*

115. *An office in the railway precinct. Four or five station officials are there. KEIZO enters and says good morning to them.*

OFFICIAL: Good morning.

KEIZO: I'm very sorry about yesterday.

OFFICIAL: So your parents are here.

KEIZO: Yes, they weren't supposed to get off the train, actually, but Mother became ill.

OFFICIAL: What was the trouble?

KEIZO: She said she felt sick around here. (*Indicates.*)

OFFICIAL: Was it her heart?

KEIZO: Train-sickness, probably. She isn't used to long rides. It was a real bother. (*He sits at his desk and begins the day's work.*) Had to borrow blankets and send out for the doctor twice. What a mess.

OFFICIAL: How is she now?

KEIZO: She seemed to feel fine this morning.

OFFICIAL: How old is she?

KEIZO: Let me see. She's well over sixty. Maybe sixty-seven or sixty-eight, I guess.

OFFICIAL: Then she's quite old. You'll have to take care of her. "Be a good son while your parents are alive."

KEIZO: That's right. "None can serve his parents beyond the grave."

They both laugh.

116. *KEIZO's boardinghouse, cheaply built, in the outskirts of the city. Outside the window are many factory chimneys.*

TOMI is sitting up on her pallet and drinking powdered medicine.

TOMI: I'll be able to leave tonight.

SHUKICHI: We could stay one more night here and then take a less-crowded train.

TOMI: But Kyoto must be worrying about us. Still, if we stay here we'll get to see more of Keizo. In just ten days we'll have seen all our children. And our grandchildren, too.

SHUKICHI: Some grandparents seem to like their grandchildren better than their own children. What about you?

TOMI: And you?

SHUKICHI: Well, I think I like my children better.

TOMI: Yes, that's true.

SHUKICHI: But I'm surprised at how children change. Shige, now—she used to be much nicer before. A married daughter is like a stranger.

TOMI: Koichi's changed too. He used to be such a nice boy.

SHUKICHI: No, children don't live up to their parents' expectations. (*They both smile.*) But, if you are greedy then there is no end to it. Let's think that they are better than most.

TOMI: They are certainly better than average. We are fortunate.

SHUKICHI: Yes, fortunate. We should consider ourselves lucky.

TOMI: Yes, we are very lucky.

117. Tokyo, morning. KOICHI's house. ISAMU is playing in the sand in the backyard.

118. The consulting room. FUMIKO is cleaning; KOICHI, reading a letter.

FUMIKO: Is she all right?

KOICHI: I think so. She sends thanks.

FUMIKO: She was tired, you know.

KOICHI: Yes, the trip was a bit long for her.

FUMIKO: Was she pleased with it, do you think?

KOICHI: Why wouldn't she be? She saw lots of places. Went to Atami too. She'll talk about Tokyo a long time.

He is about to go when the phone rings.

119. The hallway. KOICHI comes in and picks up the telephone.

KOICHI: Hello. It's me. A telegram? No, not yet.

120. The Urara Beauty Parlor. SHIGE is telephoning.

SHIGE: From Onomichi. It's so odd. Mama is critically ill, it says.

121. KOICHI's house, hallway.

KOICHI: That's strange. I just now got Father's letter. All it says is that they stopped off in Osaka because she didn't feel well. They got back home on the tenth.

FUMIKO has come to stand beside him and is listening with a worried expression. The front door is heard to open, and the voice of the telegraph messenger saying: "Mr. Hirayama—a telegram." FUMIKO goes out at once.

KOICHI: Just a minute.

122. The hallway. FUMIKO brings the family seal, stamps the receipt, and receives the telegram, thanking the man.

123. The hallway. FUMIKO brings the telegram.

FUMIKO: It's from Onomichi.

KOICHI: Read it.

FUMIKO: "Mother critically ill—Kyoko."

KOICHI: It came just now—the telegram.

124. The Beauty Parlor.

SHIGE: Really? All right. I'll come right over to your place.

125. KOICHI's house, the hallway.

KOICHI: We'll wait.

He hangs up.

FUMIKO: How did it happen? So suddenly! Is it serious?

KOICHI starts to leave.

FUMIKO: Shall I call Noriko?

KOICHI: Yes. Call her.

126. The company where NORIKO works. A young clerk takes the telephone call.

CLERK: Yes, this is the Yoneyama Trading Company. All right. Just a minute. It's for you, Mrs. Hirayama.

NORIKO: For me? Hello. Yes. Oh. I see. Yes . . . yes. Yes, I see.

She goes to her desk after having hung up and sits. Then she gets up and goes toward the emergency staircase.

127. The staircase. NORIKO stands on the landing deep in thought.

128. KOICHI's house, the consulting room. SHIGE is there with KOICHI.

SHIGE: But what can it all mean? If Father got sick I'd understand, but it's Mother. And she was so lively when she was here. Is she very bad?

KOICHI: I guess so. It says critically ill.

SHIGE: I suppose we'll have to go . . . You know, I felt something strange at the station. She said, "If anything should happen . . ." She must have had a feeling, somehow or other.

KOICHI: We'll have to go, in any event.

SHIGE: Yes, since she's critically ill. Well, since we have to go we'd better hurry. What about taking the same train?

KOICHI: We could, but I've got all sorts of things to do before I leave.

SHIGE: Me, too. This comes at such a busy time.

Patients come in—an old woman and a child with a bandage around its head.

KOICHI: Right over here, please.

SHIGE goes into an inner room and FUMIKO comes out. KOICHI tells her to take off the bandage. While she is doing so he goes after SHIGE.

129. Inner room.

KOICHI: Let's leave tonight.

SHIGE: Very well, so long as we have to. I'll see you later.

He is about to leave when she calls him back.

SHIGE: What about mourning clothes?

KOICHI: We might need them.

SHIGE: Yes. Well, let's take them and hope we don't have to use them.

KOICHI: Yes, that's right.

SHIGE: I'll see you at the station, then.

130. Onomichi. The HIRAYAMA alley.

131. The veranda of the house. On the drying pole are ice bags, etc.

132. The living room by TOMI's pallet, SHUKICHI and KYOKO are watching her. The clock strikes one. KYOKO looks up.

KYOKO: I'll be going to meet them.

SHUKICHI: That's very good of you.

133. KYOKO's room. She comes in, takes off her apron.

134. The entryway. KYOKO quietly leaves.

135. The alley. KYOKO is walking away from the house.

136. The living room. SHUKICHI watches TOMI's sleeping face. A light sigh escapes. TOMI moves slightly.

SHUKICHI: What's the matter? Is it too hot?

TOMI sleeps on.

SHUKICHI: The children are coming to see you . . . Kyoko's gone to meet them. They'll be here any minute . . . You'll get well.

She sleeps. He begins to fan her and continues to reassure her. But with these words he is really reassuring himself.

137. Flowers, shrubs, moving in the light breeze of July.

138. Evening, the kitchen. Under the dim electric light

KYOKO is breaking ice.

139. The living room. The DOCTOR is there. KOICHI is also examining TOMI, still in a coma. SHUKICHI, SHIGE, and NORIKO look on, worried.

DOCTOR: Well, I've bled her, but the blood pressure just doesn't seem to go down—and I can't get her out of this coma.

KOICHI: Really.

He examines her pupils using a flashlight.

KOICHI: The reaction is very weak, isn't it?

The DOCTOR agrees. The examination now over, KOICHI thanks the DOCTOR, who says that he will come back later. NORIKO sees him out. KYOKO changes TOMI's ice bag. Far away the whistle of a train. SHIGE whispers something to KOICHI, then turns to KYOKO.

SHIGE: Where's Keizo? Has he answered the telegram?

KYOKO: Not yet.

SHIGE: But he lives closest of all.

NORIKO comes in. KOICHI gets up and calls his father, indicates that SHIGE too should come with him.

140. The next room. KOICHI, SHUKICHI, SHIGE.

KOICHI: Father, I don't like her condition at all.

SHUKICHI: What do you mean?

KOICHI: I mean it's dangerous. It is very serious when she sleeps for so long.

SHUKICHI: Did the trip to Tokyo cause this?

SHIGE: Oh, I don't think so at all. She was so lively in Tokyo.

Wasn't she? (She looks at KOICHI.)

KOICHI: It might have been one of the causes.

SHUKICHI: What is it, then?

KOICHI: Just that we'll be lucky if she lives until tomorrow.

SHIGE: Until tomorrow?

KOICHI: It will probably happen around daybreak, I think.

SHUKICHI: So . . . (Tonelessly.) She's not going to live, then.

SHIGE's eyes suddenly fill with tears.

KOICHI: Mother is around sixty-eight, isn't she?

SHUKICHI: So . . . she's not going to live.

KOICHI: I'm afraid that's right.

SHUKICHI: So . . . This is the end, then.

KOICHI gets up and goes back into the living room.

141. The living room. NORIKO and KYOKO are looking anxiously at KOICHI. He sits silently by TOMI's bed.

142. *The next room. SHUKICHI and SHIGE: he sighs; SHIGE is sad.*

SHUKICHI: Then Keizo won't be in time, will he?

He gets up silently and goes to the other room.

143. *The living room. SHUKICHI comes in quietly and sits by TOMI. With pain in his face he looks down at her, blinking his eyes.*

144. *Daybreak—the night at Onomichi has ended. The sky slowly brightens—it is near the time the sun will appear. The platform at the station, no one there; the streets, no one there. The sea wall, quiet waves washing on the stones.*

145. *The Hirayama house. SHIGE, KOICHI, KYOKO, NORIKO, all sit sadly. Now and then, as though just remembering her sorrow, KYOKO wipes away her tears. There is now a white cloth over TOMI's face.*

SHIGE: Isn't life short, though . . . *(She speaks sadly, and there is no answer.)* And she was so lively too. You know, she must have had a feeling that this would happen soon.

KYOKO and NORIKO wipe away their tears; KOICHI grunts in assent. Then, as though remembering, SHIGE again speaks:

Still, I'm glad she came to Tokyo. We were able to see her again. *(Turning to NORIKO.)* Did you bring any mourning clothes?

NORIKO: No, I didn't.

SHIGE: And do you have any, Kyoko?

KYOKO: No.

SHIGE: Then you'll have to borrow some. Get some for Noriko too.

Neither replies. The sound of a door sliding open.

SHIGE: Oh, that must be Keizo.

KYOKO gets up and goes out.

146. *The entryway. KEIZO is taking off his shoes. KYOKO enters.*

KEIZO: How is she?

KYOKO cannot speak. She lowers her face.

KEIZO: I see. I wasn't in time.



He sits down and listlessly finishes removing his shoes.
147. *The room. KEIZO comes in; all greet him.*

KEIZO: I was out of town on official business. *(To KOICHI.)*

Had to go to Matsuzaka. I'm sorry I'm late. *(To SHIGE.)*

The telegram came when I was away.

SHIGE: Oh.

KEIZO: This is a terrible thing. When was it?

SHIGE: This morning at three-fifteen.

KEIZO: If I'd taken the eight-forty to Kagoshima I'd have been in time.

KOICHI: Just look at her, Keizo. See how peaceful she is.

KEIZO gets up, goes to the bed, takes off the cloth, and stares down at the dead face. Tears well up. They all watch him, wiping their eyes.

KOICHI: Where's Father?

SHIGE: Where, I wonder.

NORIKO gets up, looks into the garden, and goes to the entryway.

148. *In front of the house. NORIKO comes out, looking.*

149. *An empty lot near a bluff overlooking the road and the sea beyond. SHUKICHI stands there all by himself. NORIKO comes.*

NORIKO: Keizo has just come, Father.

SHUKICHI: Has he? *(Then, with deep emotion.)* It was such a beautiful dawn.

NORIKO looks down. SHUKICHI quietly turns back.

SHUKICHI: I'm afraid we're going to have another hot day today.

She follows him, her head down.

150. *A temple compound under the hot light of the sun. No one is there. The sound of a wooden temple drum being struck.*

151. *The main hall of the temple. TOMI's funeral. SHUKICHI, KOICHI, SHIGE, NORIKO, KYOKO, KEIZO—all facing the other people who have come. Among them are the woman from next door and a primary-school pupil representing KYOKO's class. The reading of the sutra; the sound of the temple drum. Then, for whatever reason, KEIZO gets up and goes out. SHIGE and NORIKO look at him.*





152. *A temple building. KEIZO comes and stands there, then squats down and stares ahead of him.*
 153. *The cemetery, beyond it the sea. NORIKO comes.*

NORIKO: What's the matter?

KEIZO: I can't stand that sound.

NORIKO: What do you mean?

KEIZO: With each beat it seems as though Mother is getting smaller and smaller.

He wipes his eyes. NORIKO says nothing.

KEIZO: I wasn't a very good son.

NORIKO: It's time for us to offer incense, now.

KEIZO: I can't lose her now. No one can serve his parents beyond the grave.

He gets up, starts back. NORIKO wipes her eyes.

155. *The graveyard. In the distance the glittering sea. The voice of the priest reading the sutras.*

156. *The sea wall, waves washing over the stones.*

157. *Upstairs, an old-style restaurant on the sea road. SHUKICHI, KOICHI, SHIGE, NORIKO, KEIZO, KYOKO—the six of them on their way back from the funeral, sitting around a table. KOICHI is pouring sake for SHUKICHI.*

KOICHI: It was here that we came to see fireworks, wasn't it?

SHUKICHI: Oh, was it?

SHIGE: Yes, it was the night of the Sumiyoshi Festival. Remember, Keizo?

KEIZO: No.

SHIGE: You were all excited and then fell asleep just after the sun went down. You lay there with your head in Mama's lap.

KEIZO: I don't remember it at all.

KOICHI (*to his father*): What were you doing in those days?

SHUKICHI: I was head of the Board of Education, I think.

KOICHI: It was a long time ago, wasn't it?

SHIGE: And once we went to Omishima during the spring holidays.

KEIZO: I remember that. And Mama got seasick.

SHUKICHI: Yes.

KOICHI: She was so full of life then. How old was she then?

(*To SHUKICHI.*) Forty—

SHUKICHI: Two or three, I think.



SHIGE: You must take care of yourself, Father, and live for a long, long time.

SHUKICHI: Thank you.

He gets up and goes out. All the rest are silent for a while.

SHIGE: I may seem a bit heartless to say so, but I do rather wish he had died first. Look, if Kyoko marries, then he'll be left all alone.

KOICHI: Yes.

SHIGE: We could have looked after Mother in Tokyo. Kyoko, did Mother still have her gray summer sash?

KYOKO: Yes.

SHIGE: You know, I'd like it for a keepsake. All right?

KOICHI: I suppose so.

SHIGE: And that linen kimono she used to wear in the summer. Did she still have that too?

KYOKO: Yes.

SHIGE: Well, I want that too. You know where it is?

SHUKICHI comes back and sits down.

SHUKICHI: Well, thanks to all of you, we have gotten through this now. You have all been very kind to come and give your time so that we could mourn her. Thank you.

He bows. They all return his bow, formally.

SHUKICHI: And she would have been pleased to have been looked after so well by Koichi when she was sick.

KOICHI: I didn't do anything.

SHUKICHI: I remember when we went to Atami that she felt dizzy once.

KOICHI: It may have been a slight stroke.

SHIGE: Why didn't you tell us? Or, at least, Koichi.

SHUKICHI: I suppose I ought to have.

KOICHI: But that wasn't it. She was fat, you know. The stroke came suddenly.

SHIGE: It's just like a dream. (*Then, changing her tone, to KOICHI.*) When are you leaving?

KOICHI: Well, I can't stay too long.

SHIGE: I can't either. How about tonight's express?

KOICHI: What about you, Keizo?

KEIZO: I can stay.

KOICHI: Really? Then we'll leave tonight.

SHIGE: Yes. You'll stay with Father a bit longer, won't you, Noriko?

NORIKO: All right.

SHUKICHI (to NORIKO): If you're busy, you go with them. KEIZO: Well, I guess I might as well go. I've still got to make out a report. And there's that baseball game too.

SHUKICHI: Really. Well, if you are all busy, you must go.

SHIGE: But now you'll be lonely.

SHUKICHI: I'll get used to it.

SHIGE: Kyoko, give me some more rice, will you? (KYOKO silently fills her bowl.) Keizo, you get us the train tickets, would you?

KEIZO: I'll have some more rice, too.

SHIGE: If only we can get seats.

The reflection of the sea shimmers on the walls and ceiling.

158. *The seashore, waves washing on the stones.*

159. *The alley leading to the Hirayama house.*

160. *A patch of ground in the garden. SHUKICHI is looking after the vegetables.*

161. *The kitchen. NORIKO is making a box lunch.*

162. *A room. KYOKO is getting ready to go to school. NORIKO comes in.*

NORIKO: Here's your lunch.

KYOKO: Thank you so much for everything.

NORIKO: I've only been a bother to you. You must come up to Tokyo now on your vacation.

KYOKO: Must you really go back today?

NORIKO (arranging her dress): Yes, I'm afraid I have to.

KYOKO: I'm sorry I can't see you off at the station.

NORIKO: That's all right. Now be sure and come to Tokyo.

KYOKO: I'm so glad you stayed. I think they might have stayed a little longer, too.

NORIKO: But they're busy.

KYOKO: They're selfish. Demanding things, then leaving right away.

NORIKO: But they have their own affairs.

KYOKO: But you had yours, too.

NORIKO: But, Kyoko—

KYOKO: They are selfish. Wanting her clothes right after her death. I felt so sorry for poor Mother. Even strangers

would have been more considerate. That's no way to treat your parents.

NORIKO: But, look, Kyoko. At your age I thought as you do. But children do drift away from their parents. A woman has her own life, apart from her parents, when she is Shige's age. She meant no harm, I'm sure. It's only that everyone has to look after himself.

KYOKO: I wonder. Well, I won't ever be like that. That would be just too cruel.

NORIKO: It is. But children get that way . . . gradually.

KYOKO: Then—you too . . .

NORIKO: I may become like that. In spite of myself.

KYOKO: Isn't life disappointing?

NORIKO: Yes, it is.

KYOKO (smiling now): You take care of yourself.

NORIKO: Thank you. Good-by.

KYOKO goes to the veranda and looks toward the garden, then calls out.

KYOKO: I'm going now, Father.

Then she goes to the entryway. NORIKO comes with her.

163. *The entryway.*

KYOKO: Take care of yourself.

NORIKO: And remember to come to Tokyo on your vacation.

KYOKO: Good-by.

They smile and part.

164. *The room. NORIKO comes back in and tidies up. SHUKICHI comes in, wiping his hands.*

SHUKICHI: Has she gone?

NORIKO: Father, I have to leave by the afternoon train today.

SHUKICHI: Do you? Well, I want to thank you for everything.

NORIKO: Please, I didn't do anything.

SHUKICHI: No, you have been a great help. (Sits down.) And Mother told me how kind you were to her the night that she stayed with you.

NORIKO: I couldn't do anything at all.

SHUKICHI: She meant it. She said that that was the happiest night she had in Tokyo. I want to thank you too.

NORIKO: Oh, no—

SHUKICHI: But she was worried about you. She wondered



what would happen to you. (NORIKO does not answer.) You can't go on like this, you know. I don't want you to worry about me. I would like to see you married again as soon as possible. And you must forget about Shoji. He's dead. To see you going on like this hurts me. (NORIKO bows her head.) I mean it . . . and she said she'd never seen a nicer woman than you.

NORIKO: She overestimated me.

SHUKICHI: You're wrong, Noriko.

NORIKO: She did. I'm not the nice woman she thought I was. If you see me like that—it embarrasses me.

SHUKICHI: No, it shouldn't.

NORIKO: No, really. I'm quite selfish. Whatever you may imagine, I'm not always thinking of your son.

SHUKICHI: I'd be happy if you'd forget him.

NORIKO: There are days when I don't think of him at all . . . Then sometimes I feel that I just cannot go on like this. Sometimes at night I lie and wonder what will become of me if I stay this way. The days pass and nothing happens. I feel a kind of impatience. My heart seems to be waiting—for something. Oh, yes, I'm selfish.

SHUKICHI: You are not.

NORIKO: Yes, I am. But I couldn't tell Mother this.

SHUKICHI: That's all right. You are a truly good woman. An honest woman.

NORIKO: Not at all.

SHUKICHI gets up and from a drawer brings a woman's watch.

SHUKICHI: This watch belonged to her. It's old-fashioned now but she began to wear it when she was your age. Please take this to remember her by.

NORIKO: But, I—

SHUKICHI: Please accept it. (He gives it to her.) She'll be happy to know that you'll be wearing it. Take it for her sake.

NORIKO: Thank you.

SHUKICHI: Please believe me. I want you to be happy. I really, very sincerely, mean that. (NORIKO covers her face.) It's strange. We have children of our own, but it has been you who have done the most for us, and you are not even a blood relative.

He lowers his head; NORIKO weeps.

165. The primary school. A children's chorus is heard.

166. A hill overlooking the sea. The sketching class is out, children here and there. KYOKO is moving from one group to another. Suddenly she looks at her watch and goes to the edge of the hill.

167. The railroad below, the Tokyo train is coming.

168. The train.

170. Inside the train. NORIKO is looking out of the window.

171. The mountains of Onomichi as seen from the window.

172. Inside the train. NORIKO looks at the watch. Holds it to her ear. The sound of a train whistle.

173. The Hirayama house. SHUKICHI sits by the veranda and looks at the sea. Today again the WOMAN NEXT DOOR speaks to him through the window.

WOMAN: Everyone's gone now? You'll be lonely, then.

SHUKICHI: Well.

WOMAN: It was really so sudden.

SHUKICHI: Oh, she was a headstrong woman . . . but if I knew things would come to this, I'd have been kinder to her.

(The woman says nothing.) Living alone like this, the days will get very long.

WOMAN: You will be lonely.

She leaves. By herself, SHUKICHI looks out over the sea. A long silence.

174. The sea. A small island boat goes by.

175. SHUKICHI by the veranda, looking vaguely out over the sea.

176. The ocean. The sound of the boat becomes as distant as a dream. It is a July afternoon in the Inland Sea.

TRANSLATED BY DONALD RICHIE AND ERIC KLESTADT